

Consultants (unofficial)  
from Salt Lake City,  
used by Wasatch Co. Doctors & patients  
Since — May 1969

Boyd Holbrook

Thomas Noonan

Roy McDonald

(1st of June) 1st of June  
We saw a lot of sights in London, most of which didn't im-  
press me. I didn't feel connected to Buckingham and couldn't re-  
late to Parliament. The Thames which has carried so many kings  
and queens was just a wide, grey, polluted river. The national  
portrait gallery was a collection of portraits of people whom you  
don't know and don't care about. It was like looking at another  
family's photo album. You smile and nod and mumble and wish you  
weren't there.

Hyde Park was just a large and lovely park like Golden Gate  
but with more flowers. Big Ben is just an old clock that doesn't  
keep very good time. Picadilly Circus is a subway-like crush of  
people mashed between exclusive shops. Trafalgar Square with its  
fountains and Nelson's statue is beautiful and impressive from a  
distance. However, once inside the square you're pelted with pid-  
geon shit and quickly retreat.

We also went to the famed British Museum. It is filled most-  
ly with bric-a-brac and geological junk from bygone eras. I'm  
sure that the materials presented have meaning to trained arch-  
eologists. They can examine what were once common items in a dead  
society and deduce whole life styles and stories from the artifacts.  
The stuff was almost meaningless to me. I can just see the museum  
of the future. It will contain things like: a coke bottle - chipp-  
ed, a mel mac plate, a scarred wrist watch, a cracked peanut but-  
ter jar, a rusted brownie camera, etc. Do you see what I mean?

There was one room, however, that captured my attention  
for some time. It was filled with glass cases that contained  
original manuscripts and stray pages from all the great English  
and European writers. In college I had read representative writings  
from most of them. I poured over these for some time for they were  
hard to read. They were written in longhand and being early drafts  
were filled with cross outs, start overs, and marginal notes. I  
walked from case to case absorbed but a little dissatisfied because  
I was having such difficulty in forcing coherency out of the works.  
About two-thirds the way through I came upon a letter from one  
writer to another. I think it was written by Oscar Wilde or Lewis  
Carroll but I could be mistaken because I didn't note down his  
name. He stated that he was burning all his old notes and manu-  
scripts. He wanted nothing left when he died but his final pub-  
lished works. These, the final products, were important, not the  
residue. He felt it was crude for literary vultures to display or  
publish the scribblings and failures of writers when they died.  
I concurred and left the room.

One of the most mind grabbing sights of London for us was the  
Tower of London. Actually it is one central tower, built by William  
the Conqueror in eleven hundred, surrounded by other towers conn-  
ected by fortified walls. The walls inclose a large area of sev-  
eral acres. Outside, the walls are surrounded by acres of lawn and  
flowers. The Tower contains the crown jewels. I have never seen  
such splendid beauty. More than anything, I coveted the Star of  
Africa. It is a diamond as big as an egg and sits atop the royal  
scepter. As you gaze at it it collects all the light and color in  
the world and sparks it into your eyes. The slightest twitch of